

PERFECT DREAMS FOR EASTER

THAT IS WHAT THEY ARE. ANY WOMAN WILL TELL YOU.

In Other Words They Are the Hats That Cost From \$100 Up—If a Woman's Luck She Gets Five or Six—There Is Value in Them, as Some Roses Cost \$20 Each.

According to a fashionable Fifth avenue milliner the word Easter when applied to a hat does not have the same limitation as of old, when it meant that the creation was ordered for that day and constructed according to that order.

"We still call them Easter hats," she explains, "but the New York woman won't wait for the festival to get around. She wears hers two Sundays before, but she clings to the name with the greatest pertinacity."



BEHIND THE SCENES IN A FIFTH AVENUE SHOP.

The importance of the Easter hat as a commercial problem is shown by the tremendous amount of work involved in its creation in this one establishment, fairly representative of those shops on the avenue where you can go in with a light heart and heavy purse and in the short space of half an hour can walk out with a light purse and heavy heart—a weight, however, which is balanced by the memory of the perfect dream which has caused the exchange.

Orders for approximately 2,000 hats were received in this establishment prior to Easter Sunday. It is not an establishment where the woman of moderate income feels herself at home. In fact unless she is drawn by the magnet of a special bargain day, an event of semi-annual occurrence, she is apt to cover her eyes with her handkerchief and run by as hard as she can sprint. There are women who can go through all sorts of heartrending experiences, have the rent raised, the telephone cut off, the dog die or even lose an occasional sweetheart, and display an astounding amount of self-restraint, but they simply can't go by that particular show room window without breaking at least one of the commandments.

For the wares displayed with such prodigality of material and price are not for this woman, except when recklessness reaches fever heat. If proof of this were needed it would be found in the facial expression of the leading lady of the show room when you inadvertently mention the word cheap within those sacred portals. When you think it over you wonder how you had the audacity to ask her what the cheapest hat might be.

After one of the attendants has brought her a glass of filtered water and she has partially recovered she explains that there have been rare occasions when to oblige an old customer they would put a couple of quills on a straw hat and would not ask more than \$25 for it, but that is not a precedent that she cares to discuss even in conversation. It just hurts her to talk about \$25 hats, and to make her feel better you take a brave verbal leap as far away as you can from the painful topic.

And the most expensive? Again there is a slight demur at the choice of words. Nothing is expensive, she explains, that is worth the money expended.

When you pay \$100 or \$150 for a hat you are getting value in real lace, in expensive flowers or feathers, in accessories, whatever they may be, and \$155 is a very fair average figure for a good hat here.

"Do women buy many of these hats?" "Oh, five or six," is the nonchalant answer, "rarely more in a season. Two or three is a fair average."

She beckons a salesgirl who is twirling a Neapolitan straw with a very simple trimming, a rosette of ribbon and two magnificent roses of a new shade of red. As she answers the summons the girl picks a leaf or two of the twin flowers as if she were accustomed to make salad of them.



As you pursue the upward journey you take a last look at the flower garden and orchard farm, the room perfumed by the passing of fragrant gowns, the showcases filled with kaleidoscopic bunches of colors, masses of scarlet, yellow, green, blue.

"This is a very reasonable one," the leading lady remarks. "See, it is only \$75, and a perfect duck-dear, I think."

"Where is the value represented? Why, in the roses. They sell at \$20 each, our own importation and named after the firm. With a wreath of them around the crown you could soon run up the price of a hat to what some might consider an extravagant figure, but I think it would be worth whatever was charged. Did you ever see such wonderful color in an artificial flower?"

That the hat shoppers agree with the leading lady is evident, for the perfect dream is snapped up immediately by a very pretty girl who came in an automobile and is described as being very discreet, as she has never brought a man in with her to pay her bills.

There is a very handsome man, a real husband, sitting by, and he looks quite peevish at the loss of that particular hat. He wanted it for his wife, a smart young woman in a black tulle made with a Madonna face and smooth hair parted in the middle and brought down plainly to a coil in the nape of the neck, a style of hairdressing which the millinery experts testify is the very hardest to fit to a hat.

The husband, however, has done pretty well, considering. There have been selected a big brown sailor with two long quills set aslant, a dark blue straw whose high steeple crown is enlivened with a wreath of flowers, a smoke gray straw with five plumes of gray and blue mixed and a sash of smoke gray about the crown. He had not asked the price of any of them, but the salesgirl whispered that they would not come to more than \$250.

He is trying to make his wife take another, two others if she pleases, but she shakes her head wearily. "I wouldn't try on anything," is her answer to his request.

But the salesgirl stands temptingly in the path with a confection from a nearby case held alluringly in their direction. Her glance seems to say that while they might be able to stagger through eternity without that particular chattel, it would be a sad and uninteresting journey.

"She doesn't feel like trying on any more," says the husband, "but you can put it in approval." The price is \$100.

As they go out he is heard to murmur



"SPECIAL."

SECOND FURNITURE PERIOD

THE FIRST IS THAT OF THE ARTISTIC ANTIQUE.

It is Bought at Auction by the Newly Married and Enthusiasm Hides Its Defects—With Prosperity Comes Furniture Frankly New, and Comfortable.

"There's no question about it," said Mrs. Honeymoon when her husband came home that night. "The Smiths have a most artistic flat, and they paid very little for the fitting of it."

"All the furniture is genuine antique. Came from old South Carolina plantations and those other places down South."

"You know those old families send their things up here to be sold. Southerners are so proud that they don't like to sell 'em where they live."

Mrs. Honeymoon listened while the waitress brought the dinner provided by the apartment hotel. He was glad to hear about the cheapness of this style of furniture because their own nest was being made ready.

"So I'm going to buy everything at auction," Mrs. Honeymoon went on, "and I'm going to put the enthusiasm that she had taken canned corn for three nights in succession, and you'll see what artistic rooms we'll have."

So she haunted the auctions and a variety of chairs that creaked ominously whenever they were sat on, bookcases that refused to shut after they had been submitted to a very moderate allowance of the steam heat in the flat, chests of drawers with a most perverse desire to stay shut, these familiar antiques were soon placed about the Honeymoons' new flat. Then there were tables that would wobble however the carpenter might work to adjust their legs to a common length.

They were more or less accurate reproductions of old models and made a tasteful show in the little rooms of the apartment. To the captious the veneer might seem a little too brilliant, and the brass knobs and handles certainly shone with a brazen glow that did not suggest antiquity. The visual appeal of the rooms, however, was a success, whatever might be thought of the comfort.

"Ridiculous," replied the happy Mrs. Honeymoon, when the less artistic half of the family grumbled out the desire to sit down just once in a chair that did not creak menacingly. "Real antiques cannot be as strong as a kitchen chair. You must realize that."

The Honeymoons continued to dwell as comfortably as possible among the antiques which the superior wealth of the North had grasped from the proud families of the South who needed the money. It would have been heartless to dislodge the kind of Mrs. Honeymoon as to their origin. None but a brute could have turned around the chests of drawers and

showed her the new wood in the back or called attention to the very obvious newness of the metal work.

She was in that first happy stage of the antique fever. Then all mahogany is old, all iron and the original ornaments and there is no guile in the vendor of artistic objects. In the face of such faith, who could have led her by the hand over to Fourth avenue and called her attention to what the search for this or that antique piece. Perhaps the dealer did not have it; but he knew somebody who did. So anything in the clawfoot line was certain to be ready by the next day.

The supply of antique brass drawer handles, knobs, or ornaments as large as several factories, always at work, can make them, is another disillusioning detail to which the seeker after the antique seems equally blind. Mrs. Honeymoon was as lucky as the rest of her kind in escaping interruption to her blissful dream of beautiful antiques, genuine and at a price within the means of the couple just starting on their way in life.

"There's no question about it," said Mrs. Honeymoon, when her husband came home on the night she put the finishing touch to their apartment. "We have just as artistic a flat as the Smiths did and we paid very little for it. All our furniture is genuine antique—came from old South Carolina plantations."

During the time intervening between the marriage of the Honeymoons and their acquisition of their own home the Smiths prospered. Smith got an interest in a magazine and the amount of advertising he secured for it made his holding much more profitable than he had ever suspected it would be.

As the Smiths consequently acquired a house and a runabout. Then they had a small motor car of the same description. Smith of course used to run it himself, but it was not long before he plumped down a freshly looked car with a be-furred chauffeur at the wheel.

It was not consistent to combine such means of transportation with life in a flat, although Smith got the ripe cheaper furniture of the second Smith period.

They had just moved in when the Honeymoons decided they were ready to entertain, and kept their promise to themselves that the Smiths should be their first guests.

"Perhaps it's her money that's made her different," sighed Mrs. Honeymoon after the entertainment was over, as she prepared to carry the whiskey and soda glasses out to the pantry, whence issued already the snoring of the exhausted maid. "There are mighty few that can stand it."

"Both," answered her husband, who was dropping the contents of the ash tray out of the window that the sitting room might not smell of stale smoke in the morning. "I thought she seemed very different. She scarcely said a word about our beautiful furniture, merely looked around and said, 'yes, it was pretty. I remember how I loved over hers. It was pretty, too, but no prettier than ours.'"

"You thought you were a copy cat probably," answered her husband, who had finished

his chores by closing up the bridge table and pushing it behind the sofa. "Couldn't help feeling sore because you'd made the place look so nice."

Mrs. Honeymoon was well down the shooting gallery hall when she heard this. "Well, we'll see how her new place looks next week," she called back to the faithful Honeymoon, who had just blown out the lamp at the risk of losing an eyebrow. "Whatever she has I'm going to be just as sniffling about it."

The night of the dinner at the Smiths' found their friends on time. Mrs. Honeymoon swept the hall and drawing room at a glance as the maid took her cloak. They were a minute alone in the drawing room and Mrs. Honeymoon had the time to make her observation thorough.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" she whispered dramatically to her husband. "There isn't a stick of old furniture anywhere in the room."

Even the eye of a man to whom such matters offered little interest could not fail to mark the brand new appearance of the furniture. There were in the room upholstered chairs firm as a mountain, but soft as a feather mattress to the tired man. There were leather chairs that did not totter nor creak under the weight of the heaviest guest.

At dinner they sat on chairs of wood and leather which wobbled no more than the firm table, on which one indifferent to the finest points of table etiquette might lean his elbows without danger of shaking the glasses.

"Your house is lovely," Mrs. Honeymoon said when the two women were together, forgetting her unfriendly decision under the warmth of her friend's hospitality. "But what did you do with all your beautiful old furniture?"

"Don't mention it!" Mrs. Smith said. "We count that as a part of our earliest struggles. John and I used always to say that we would get comfortable furniture whenever we were rich enough. Of course, it didn't mean to be very rich, but it meant a good deal for us. He never ceased to quarrel about the richness of the furniture, but I found it beautiful enough to me. I didn't mind if it did creak and totter. I loved it."

"What gave it all up?" "But there was left of it at the end of four years," the hostess went on. "Of course, it didn't wear with us as well as it had for the century or two it spent on the Southern plantation."

Mrs. Honeymoon was as fond of her antiques that night as she had ever been, and refused to join her husband in his enthusiastic praise of Smith's comfortable chairs. She thought her antiques were much more artistic.

It happened that the Honeymoons prospered too, and another home was the natural result. There had to be new furniture as well. The antiques had followed the way of Mrs. Smith's and lost the youthful strength of their apocryphal days on the Southern plantation.

Mrs. Honeymoon bought the furniture again. The new followed in its general fashion that of the second Smith period. "For it's more comfortable, really," she explained, "when you're young. Now we're old enough to be comfortable, and we can afford it."

Yes, answered her husband, "And we don't have to be so darned artistic."

TO BUILD HER OWN BUNGALOW

MISS CHUBB MAKING USE OF HER MANUAL ARTS TRAINING.

She Has Designed and Proposed to Construct With Her Own Hands a Home in the Country—Furnishings for the House to Be of Her Own Handiwork Also.

To build her own bungalow is the project which Miss Eva Irene Chubb, a pupil in the manual arts department at Teachers College, is planning to carry out this summer. Miss Chubb proposes to be her own architect and to do a good part of the building with her own hands as well as to supervise that part which she isn't able to do herself.

Such for instance as the excavation for the cellar. So confident is she that her bungalow will be finished and ready for occupancy by August 1 that she has already given invitations for a housewarming.

The bungalow is to be built on her father's farm of 350 acres, a few miles north of Albany, at Schuylerville. On a knoll about half a mile from the house is the site. It is a beautiful stretch of country and from the broad veranda of the bungalow one will be able to look out on a pretty and picturesque stream, the Saratoga River, which winds in and out among the hills and valleys thereabouts.

On the bank of the river, which is not more than fifty feet from where the bungalow will stand, Miss Chubb will erect a bathhouse which is to house a slick little Thousand Islands craft which this young woman is now in the process of building. For this addition to the plant she bought plans and cut her boat accordingly, making no more about it than most women might about a dress or a shirtwaist.

Miss Chubb expects to leave college about May 1 and return to her home in order to put her project into operation, and much of her time meanwhile is being spent in studying the mysteries of building construction and in perfecting her plans so that she can proceed with as little delay as possible. When seen at the college recently she was at her bench depicting the mysteries of cabinetmaking.

She was just putting the finishing touches to a table done in mission style, one of a number of similar pieces of furniture designed for the new bungalow. For every thing now is being done with that end in view, and up to date there are besides the table a settle, a wood box, a tabourette and a desk.

Miss Chubb, who looks like a girl that can do things, didn't think that her determination to build her own bungalow was a matter of exciting moment. It just looked to her like a plain every day sort of operation

which any one might accomplish if her mind happened to be turned in that direction. But her friends don't think so. They gaze upon her with profound admiration, and after they have endeavored to drive nails in their dormitory bedrooms, with the deepest respect.

In explaining her plans Miss Chubb pointed out that she was aiming more for comfort and a certain picturesqueness of aspect than a solution of any deep problem in building construction.

"I simply mean to have a bungalow where I can spend my friends' summers," she said. "They are a merry lot, apparently, these milliner girls, and little discipline has to be preserved, for they are too interested in their work to neglect it. At one table a girl, looking as absorbed as if she were painting a canvas, is putting the last stitches into a mass of brocade silk which looks as if it might have belonged to an old-fashioned gown of the Sir Joshua Reynolds epoch. It has been formed into a mushroom shape, fluted about the crown, and the brim outlined with narrow rows of black velvet. The girl acknowledges the praise of her work.



THE END OF THE HAT.

You see a blond beauty sitting languidly in a tapestried chair against a screen of old brocade, the shawl flatteries of an expert saleswoman in her ears, her eyes behind their languor cleverly conscious of the ensemble, and further away a dark brunette with a crimson hair which is tilted to show her hair, black as a raven's wing, her white skin and lustrous eyes. She is alertly alive and is going on eagerly.

To and fro through the rooms, low voices, patient, polite, others wait their turn, and through it the assistants in handsome gowns, with manners trained to suit every possible feminine caprice, flit with equal grace. To pay for these caprices hundreds of men in Wall Street are leaning over ticker tapes.

It is an interior where every day thousands of dollars are given in exchange for the most ephemeral of all feminine frivolities. It is the place where talent, the highest of its kind, meets its due reward of appreciation and its balance in the coin of the realm. It is one of the most interesting toils along the feminine path of pleasure.

In its effect it is quite different from the big room overhead, which is electric lighted, although the day outside is bright and sunny, for there must be a steady illumination here, in which all shades and tints have dependable values. This is the workroom where the perfect dreams are made.

In this room and the one adjoining are long tables, paralleled down the centre, on which are piled all the paraphernalia of sewing. At each table sit eight or ten girls, under the superintendence of a designer or head milliner.

Most of the girls are young, many of them in their teens, and nearly all of them are pretty. Their hair is fluffily arranged; some of them wear dainty aprons, their sleeves are rolled up, showing shapely arms, and their expression is of quiet content in the sphere of life in which they find themselves. There was not one discontented girl seen in the whole two or three hundred, while there were many who were so absorbed in the matching of tints, the clever manipulation of bows and rosettes, the combination of certain flowers that they were utterly unconscious of the presence of strangers.

Not all, however. One young thing sidles up and bites the stem of a rose while she asks demurely:

"Are you going to take all our pictures or only a few? Can't you squeeze me in? I'm little. And when will it come out?" They are a merry lot, apparently, these milliner girls, and little discipline has to be preserved, for they are too interested in their work to neglect it. At one table a girl, looking as absorbed as if she were painting a canvas, is putting the last stitches into a mass of brocade silk which looks as if it might have belonged to an old-fashioned gown of the Sir Joshua Reynolds epoch. It has been formed into a mushroom shape, fluted about the crown, and the brim outlined with narrow rows of black velvet. The girl acknowledges the praise of her work.

"It is the first hat I ever designed," she confesses. She tries it on and you can't help hoping that the sometime owner will look as piquant and pleasing as the maker.

"Don't you ever wonder who is going to wear these hats?" is asked this girl. "Often," she answers. "Sometimes we see them on the street, and it is quite a habit with all of us to count how many of our hats we can find on the avenue when we go out, for we think they are the prettiest in town or in the world, I guess."

Near the visitors is seated a grave young person who is studying the effect of a big bunch of purple lilies and mauve orchids, which any one might accomplish if her mind happened to be turned in that direction. But her friends don't think so. They gaze upon her with profound admiration, and after they have endeavored to drive nails in their dormitory bedrooms, with the deepest respect.

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When she sees that attention is directed toward her she holds them up against a head, not her own, which is well coiffured and attractive, but against a blond one of her neighbor.

At the head of the tables sit the designers high salaried persons these, to whom the hats made under their direction are brought when the last stitches have been taken. There is an oval mirror in front of each and the trying on process is always one of intense seriousness.

Girls stop with thread half bitten, plumes held in air like the outriders of a stage army, pine half poked in, to make their own silent criticism of approval or dismay. Occasionally a murmur of delight runs around a particular table and "Ain't it a peach!" or "That for me every time!" breaks the silence.

Possibly a hat has passed through half a dozen hands before it finally reaches the judge, who is very critical in regard to it and notes every deficiency with eagle eye. If she falls in this be sure it will be noted when it has passed out of her ken and goes to the final court of appeal, into the street.

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